

**G. G. WINE & CO., Proprietors**  
— DEALING IN —  
**Foreign & Domestic Marble**  
— AND MEMORIAL —  
**MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, ETC.**

Marble Work of all kinds neatly executed. Fine work, low prices and fair dealing. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Lancaster St. Opp. Jail, Stamford, Ky.







LOCAL NOTICES.

UNION JACKSON'S last week have been

Large lot of all papers for sale at this

office. Descriptions, recently

compounded at J. H. H. & Co.

FURNITURE and other goods on

Wednesday and Saturday at J. H. H.

WHITE LARD, Lard Oil and Milled

Flour at bottom prices at J. H. H.

Large stock of Milling and Flour

at bottom prices at J. H. H.

CHINA TEA, P. H. H. & Co. a complete

stock of School Books, Stationery, etc.

at bottom prices at J. H. H.

TO TRAVELERS, I have a lot of

extra stock of all goods at bottom

prices at J. H. H.

Full stock of School Books, Stationery,

Paper, Copy Books, Stationery, etc.

at bottom prices at J. H. H.

Is your stock out of order? Take it

to J. H. H. & Co. and have it repaired.

Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed.

As this is the season for putting your

stock in order, you can find a complete

stock of all goods at bottom prices

at J. H. H.

J. H. H. & Co. have just received

the latest stock of all goods at

bottom prices at J. H. H.

They must be sold immediately. I

will accept of all accounts unpaid within

the next twenty days. J. H. H.

THE ACCOUNTS OF J. H. H. & Co. have

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THE addition of a veranda to the

much to the appearance of Mrs. A. H.

house.

COAL—For the best coal with full

weight, and at the lowest price, call on

R. H. H.

CHURCH OF NAME—The name of the

pastor of the church at Lexington has

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A HUSBAND—A man who had been

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THE MARRIAGE.

"MINNA, it has gone on long enough, it is quite time it ceased."

"What, mamma?" said the young girl, turning away her face, and pretending not to understand.

"You know very well what I mean, answered the 'elder lady': 'These meetings and flirtings with the unknown artist, Philip Sheldon. Artist, indeed!' she continued, indignantly, 'he has never painted a single picture since he came here, nearly five weeks ago, and is most likely some penniless adventurer!'

"Mamma!" exclaimed Minna, flushing, "I will not hear a word against Philip. He is honorable and upright as you would acknowledge if you were not prejudiced against him."

"All the more reason, then, that you should not encourage and lead him to care for you, when you can never marry him, being already engaged to Arthur Mowbray; who, as you surely can not have forgotten; may now be expected home any day. A nice thing for him to hear on his return that his promised wife's name is coupled with that of a person of whom nothing is known—a total stranger in the neighborhood!"

"Mamma," expostulated Minna, earnestly, "once for all, let me assure you I can never marry Arthur Mowbray. What," she continued, passionately, "can a boy of eighteen, and a girl of twelve, know of love and marriage, whose engagement was entered into by their parents? And I can not—will not—keep a vow I made to share in making! Besides," she proceeded, lowering her voice and blushing, "I love Philip, and have promised to be his wife."

"Promised to be Philip Sheldon's wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings; and in her indignation and astonishment, almost upsetting her small work table. "Wretched girl! would you thus disobey the last wishes of your father, and deceive one who has been faithful to you for years, for the sake of a penniless artist, or perhaps worse?"

"Mamma," replied the daughter, quietly, "I have thought over these things, but I have been very unhappy; but, at last, I see my duty clearly. Papa loved me too truly, and too well to wish me to sacrifice my life's happiness for the sake of keeping a promise, the import of which I could not understand. There is, too, another's welfare I must consider as well as my own; and Arthur, who has not seen me for years, can not love me so well as Philip."

"But," said Mrs. Hastings, in an authoritative voice, "your natural and sole living guardian, bids you redden our word. You must wed Arthur Mowbray, for I will never consent to your union with another. And she quitted the room, leaving Minna sorrowfully, yet firmly determined to act as she herself thought right.

The fathers of Arthur and Minna had been schoolfellows, and though afterwards separated by circumstances for some years, they met again when their children were aged fourteen and eight years respectively. A warmer friendship than ever sprang up between them, and it became the dearest wish of their hearts to see the two families united in the persons of their children. The latter, two young to understand, agreed readily to their parents' desire; and Arthur thrown constantly into the companionship of the winning little girl, soon grew to love her fondly, and already called her his "little wife." His father dying when he was about eighteen, he left college, and being too young to think of marrying for some years to come, sailed for Australia, to make, as he said, a fortune worthy of her he hoped one day to call wife.

In the mean time, Minna's father had quitted his earthly tenement; and about three months before the opening of our story, Arthur wrote to Mrs. Hastings, telling her he had been completely successful, and intended shortly returning to England, to claim his promised bride. At that time Minna was perfectly heart-whole, and made no objection to marrying the man she had liked so well as a boy. Since then, however, her feelings had undergone a radical change, as we have already seen, and she looked upon her espousal to Arthur as a thing utterly hateful and impossible.

About a mile and a half from the dwelling of Mrs. Hastings, in the depths of a shady wood, was a lovely dell, with a mossy bank on one side, over which the thick, leafy branches of the trees met, forming a complete natural arbor. It was a favorite resort of Minna's, and every day when the weather was fine she would take her book, and, seated on the bank, read for hours. One morning, about six weeks after the arrival of the letter from Arthur Mowbray, Minna took her favorite author, and, as usual, started for her accustomed haunt.

It was a lovely day in August. The trees awayed gently in the breeze, and the rustling leaves, added to the warbling of the birds, made music which gradually lulled Minna to repose. The book slipped from her hand, and with her head resting on the gnarled trunk of an oak, she fell asleep. Suddenly she awoke with a start, and gazed about her bewildered.

About three yards from her, leaning against an opposite tree, stood a young and handsome man, who, looking in hand, was taking a sketch of her as she slept.

"Sir—" began Minna, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, courteously raising his hat, "pray excuse my rudeness. Taking a short cut through the wood, I was on my way home, but encountering on the way a sleeping beauty, I could not resist the temptation to peep into the charming picture, lest, being a wood nymph, you might presently vanish from my sight."

Minna looked with mingled vexation and confusion at the bright, handsome speaker.

"My name is Philip Sheldon," proceeded the stranger, picking up the fallen volume, and restoring it to her. Struck with the absurdity of the whole scene, and partly won over by the artist's frankness and courtesy, Minna's anger melted away, and she smiled in spite of herself.

"Permit me to see you safely out of the wood," said the artist, as she rose up to go.

"Thank you," answered the girl, shyly; and for the first time noticing that his face and voice seemed somewhat familiar, though she could not remember where she had seen and heard them before.

Ere they reached the little gate leading to Minna's home they were conversing like old acquaintances, and the friendship thus commenced soon ripened into love.

"How late you are this evening, dearest! I have been waiting more than an hour."

"I could not come earlier, Philip, and now I can only stay a moment, or mamma will miss me. She scolded me yesterday, and—"

"Scolded you, darling! What for?"

"Why, you know, Philip, that dreadful marriage with Arthur Mowbray, who will soon be here, Mamma has set her mind upon it, and says she will never consent to my having any one else. She has forbidden me to speak to you, and oh, Philip! what shall I do?"

Here she broke down utterly, and burst into tears.

"Hush, darling!" said Philip, taking her in his arms. "There is one more way of meeting and overcoming the difficulty. Consent to a secret marriage with me."

"And disobey mamma?" exclaimed the girl, drawing back. "Oh, Philip, I dare not!"

"Then you do not love me," was the cool reply, as he turned away. "I might have known," he continued, bitterly, "that woman's constancy would not be proof against the temptation of riches, when opposed to poverty!"

Pushing open the door gently, she entered, and was caught in the arms of her betrothed, who rushed forward eagerly to meet her, and rained down kisses on her lovely brow.

"Release me, sir!" cried Minna, passionately, struggling violently to release herself. "What means this conduct?"

"Means, darling," cried a familiar voice, "that I love you more than all the world, and have come for a repetition of the promise given me last night."

"Philip!" ejaculated the bewildered girl, "you here? I feared it was Arthur!"

"So it is dearest. My name is Arthur Philip Sheldon Mowbray, a fact of which even your mamma was unaware. Now are you willing the 'hateful marriage' shall take place?"

"Oh! Philip! how could you deceive me so?" exclaimed Minna, feeling almost ready to cry at the deception practiced upon her.

"Forgive me, darling! I will explain every thing. Returning home, after nine years' absence, to claim from the woman the fulfillment of a promise given by the child, my heart failed me. I thought, 'What if Minna, who, at the time of our parting, was too young to know her own heart, should have forgotten me, or worse still—given her love to another? Then came to me the idea of appearing as a struggling artist, and trying to win your love. Aided by the beard and mustache, and other alterations in my appearance, I contrived to hide my identity; and you know well my design succeeded,' he continued, mischievously. "But not until last night, when you promised to give up every thing for me, was I quite sure of your love."

"And the letter which mamma received this morning?"

"Well, it was posted by me last night at a village not far from here. I have explained every thing to your mamma, and now only await your forgiveness, darling. Kiss me, and say that I am pardoned."

Minna was fain to comply, and in a short time they were united. The pleasant little assumption of character, so cleverly carried out by Philip Sheldon, is frequently laughed at by Arthur Mowbray. He does not feel quite sure that he would not have made a much better actor than an artist. Minna is of the same opinion. She thinks he embodied the part to perfection, and would have succeeded completely had he been driven by necessity to adopt acting as a profession.

Can it be true?

A correspondent has sent us a startling letter from Miss M. Betham-Edwards, from which we give an extract: "I send you the following particulars of a recent scientific invention, just patented, and destined without doubt to play a very important part in our economic history. I think it must be regarded as a solution for once and for all of the great coal question, or, rather, fuel question, not only among ourselves, but abroad. M. Bourbonnel, of Dijon, the celebrated lion and panther-slayer, lighted upon the following discovery by hazard, and after six years' persistent investigation brought it to entire 'workable perfection.' He discovered by means of two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire without wood or coal; a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished; a fire causing no dust, smoke or trouble; a fire costing one-tenth at least of ordinary fuel; and, what is more wonderful still, a fire, the portion of which answering to our fuel is everlasting; that is to say would last a lifetime. M. Bourbonnel's invention comprehends both stove and fuel. The fire could be on the minutest scale or on the largest. They would be used for heating a baby's food or for roasting an ox. Being lighted instantaneously they will be a great economy of time. M. Bourbonnel at once patented his invention, and a body of engineers and servants from Paris, visited him and pronounced his discovery one of the most remarkable of the age. He has had several offers for the purchase of the patent in France, but wants to sell it in England, his own occupation being in another line. Any English gentleman or firm wishing to see his fire or stove could do so by writing to him a day or two beforehand. His address is M. Bourbonnel, Dijon. I have seen these fires and stoves. There is no mistake about the matter. It is as clear as possible that here we have a perpetual and economical source of fuel. Two hundred years ago the discoverer would surely have been burnt as a wizard."—[Athens.]

Red snow, which is usually found only in Arctic latitudes, is seen on a lofty summit near Mt. Stanford, in the Sierra Nevada. For several years the vast Arctics are a beautiful pinkish tint to the depth of three or four inches. It is a beautiful spectacle. One explanation of it is that myriads of minute organisms cover the surface.

"Prisoner, you have committed a frightful murder—at seventeen you have perpetrated an atrocious crime, which ranks you with the Troggians, and Billoirs."

The Prisoner (modestly)—"Sorr, yo fatter me!"

A Veteran's Experience.

"Another boarding-house listed up, I see," sighed a venerable Detroit landlady, as she laid down her paper. "Well, it must have been extravagance on the table. That's what bankrupts seven out of ten, and even then the boarders are crying 'hash?' and complaining of poor meals. Now, I run a boarding-house for twenty-two years, and I made money, and heard no complaints. How did I do it? Why, it's all in planning. For instance, a neck-piece of mutton can be cut to look like a rib-roast, and a little extra fire makes it just as tender. Land save you! I've been complimented a thousand times on my selection of choice spring lamb when the meat was mutton four years old, and the toughest part at that! The idea of spring chicken on a boarding-house table is absurd—aye! almost wicked. In my palmy days I could take tough old hen, pound the body with the potato-masher for ten minutes, and set before my boarders a feast to make every heart glad. Now I'll venture that there aren't ten landladies in this city who can take a pig's head and slice off the most in a manner to make every body believe that he has the choicest cut in a pig's body, and it's a wonder to me that there aren't more failures. Lots of landladies buy nice, fresh butter, and thus tempt a man to eat five or six biscuits or half a loaf of bread. What economy! I always had my nice butter on the table at breakfast, when we had little but toast, and the boarders got along all right on the other two meals. It is all in the planning—all in the planning. I used to have beefsteak every morning. Three mornings in the week I bought sirloin, which is very nice, you know, and the other four mornings I bought neck-pieces and rubbed the case-knives over the grindstone. Give a boarder a sharp knife and a tough steak and he'll never make a complaint, never. He'll put the blame on his teeth, and the more steak he leaves on his plate the more rabbit-pie you have for dinner."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Unconquered Arms.

A young man of the sort ladies call "perfectly splendid," was greatly astonished one morning while writing at his desk, when a policeman walked up and presented a warrant for his arrest under charge for carrying concealed arms. He protested that he had been carrying nothing more than a common pocket knife for a year, but the officer had no discretion about the matter, and had to take him, as he was ordered, before the city court in session. He took his seat to wait till his case was called, and to his surprise, one of his most intimate friends was named as witness for the prosecution. The witness said, "If I please the court, last night about 9 o'clock, I was walking directly behind the accused and I distinctly saw him carrying a concealed arm under the shawl of a lady by whose side he was walking." With a broad grin over the face of the court, which in vain was tried to be concealed, he dismissed the case as the books did not name that kind of concealed arms in the list of criminal offenses. In the mean time the witness had put half mile between him and the accused. What occurred at their next meeting is not reported.

A New Way to Treat Diphtheria.

Quite a discovery in the treatment of diphtheria has been made here. A young man, whose arm had been amputated, was attacked by diphtheria before healing took place, and instead of the matter incident to that disease being deposited in the throat, the wound arm, and the diphtheria was very light and easily managed. Dr. Davis, of Mankato, profited by this, and in his next case of diphtheria blistered his patient's chest, and on this blistered part the chief deposits appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory of Dr. Davis is that diphtheria usually appears in the throat because of the thinness of the lining of the throat. Hence, when the blister breaks the skin upon any other part of the body, the disease appears there.—[Minnesota letter to the Salem (Mass.) Gaz.]

Nothing Like Glass.

It is now proposed to make railroad ties of glass. So with car-wheels of paper and ties of glass, we may soon expect rails of putty or some such substance. Soon after De la Bastie introduced his method of toughening glass, Mr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, commenced a series of researches, which have culminated at present in the production of a very hard glass, which, unlike the material produced by the De la Bastie method, does not fly into a million fragments when broken. The sleepers, which are being tested on the North Metropolitan line at Stratford, are three feet long and four inches wide, by six inches deep, the upper side being shaped to fit the rails. The glass sleepers are not so strong as those cut from round pine, but they are practically indestructible, and what is more, are cheap.

The report of a committee of the Indiana Milvira Association, says a barrel of water, with 900 to 1000 lbs. of water and salt used in mixing, yielded from 250 to 280 pounds of bread, "very white and light," the smallest return being from Fultz and the largest from "hard winter wheat."

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